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# The Slighted Maid.

O R,  
The Pining Lover.

With sighs and moans she doth intreat her Dear,  
whilst he seems to be deaf and will not hear;  
At length his frozen heart begins to melt,  
being moved with the passion she had felt.

To the Tune of, I prithee Love turn to me.



**W**As ever Maiden so scorned,  
by one that she lov'd so dear:  
Long time I have sigh'd and mourned,  
and still my love will not hear.  
O turn to me my own dear heart,  
and I prithee Love turn to me;  
For thou art the Lad I long for,  
and alas what remedy.

My Lodging it is on the cold ground,  
and very hard is my fare:  
But that which troubles me most, is  
the unkindness of my Dear.  
O turn to me my own Sweet-heart,  
and I prethee Love turn to me;  
For thou art the man I long for,  
and alas what remedy.

**D**o not stop thy ears to the wailings,  
of me a poor harmlesse Maid.  
You know we are subject to failings,  
blind Cupid hath me betrayd.  
And now I must cry O turn Love,  
and I prithee Love turn to me.  
For thou art the man that alone can  
procure my liberty.

How canst thou be so hard hearted,  
and cruel to me alone.  
If ever we should be parted,  
then all my delight is gone.  
But ever I cry O turn Love,  
and I prethee Love turn to me  
For thou art the man that alone art  
the cause of my misery.

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**I**le make thee pretty sweet posies,  
and constant I ever will prove,  
I'll strow thy chamber with roses,  
and all to delight my Love.  
Then turn to me my own dear heart,  
and I prithee Love turn to me,  
For thou art the man that alone can  
procure my liberty.

I'll do my endeavour to please thee,  
by making thy bed full soft.  
Of all thy sorrows I'll ease thee,  
by kissing thy lips full oft.  
Then turn to me my own dear heart,  
and I prithee Love turn to me,  
For thou art the man that alone can  
procure my liberty.

But thou wilt harden thy heart still,  
and be deaf to my pittifull moan:  
So I must endure the smart still,  
and tumble in straw all alone.  
Whilst still I cry O turn Love,  
and I prithee Love turn to me,  
For thou art the man that alone art  
the cause of my misery.

If that thou still do disdain me,  
I never will love thee more.  
Thy cruelty shall never pain me,  
for I have another in store.  
But still I cry O turn Love,  
and I prithee Love turn to me,  
For thou art the man that alone art  
the cause of my misery.



By hearing her pittifull clamour,  
the passion of Love he felt,  
He could no longer disdain her,  
his frozen heart it did melt;  
For ever she cried O turn Love,  
and I prithee Love turn to me,  
For thou art the man, that alone can  
procure my liberty.

He said my Love I will please thee  
thy heaviness grieves me sore,  
But let not sorrow once seaze thee,  
I never will grieve thee more.  
He turn to thee my own kind heart,  
dear Love I'll turn to thee.  
For I am the man that now art come  
to procure thy liberty.

I'll crown thee with garlands of straw  
and marry thee with a rush ring, (then  
My frozen heart it will thaw then,  
and merrily we will sing,  
But ever she cryed O turn Love,  
and I prithee Love turn to me,  
For thou art the man, that alone can  
release my misery.

Most lovingly he imbrac't her  
and call'd her his hearts delight,  
And close by his side he plac't her,  
all sorrow was vanisht quite,  
And now she for joy cryed, turn Love  
and I prithee Love turn to me  
For thou art the man, that alone hast  
releas't me of misery.

FINIS.